DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

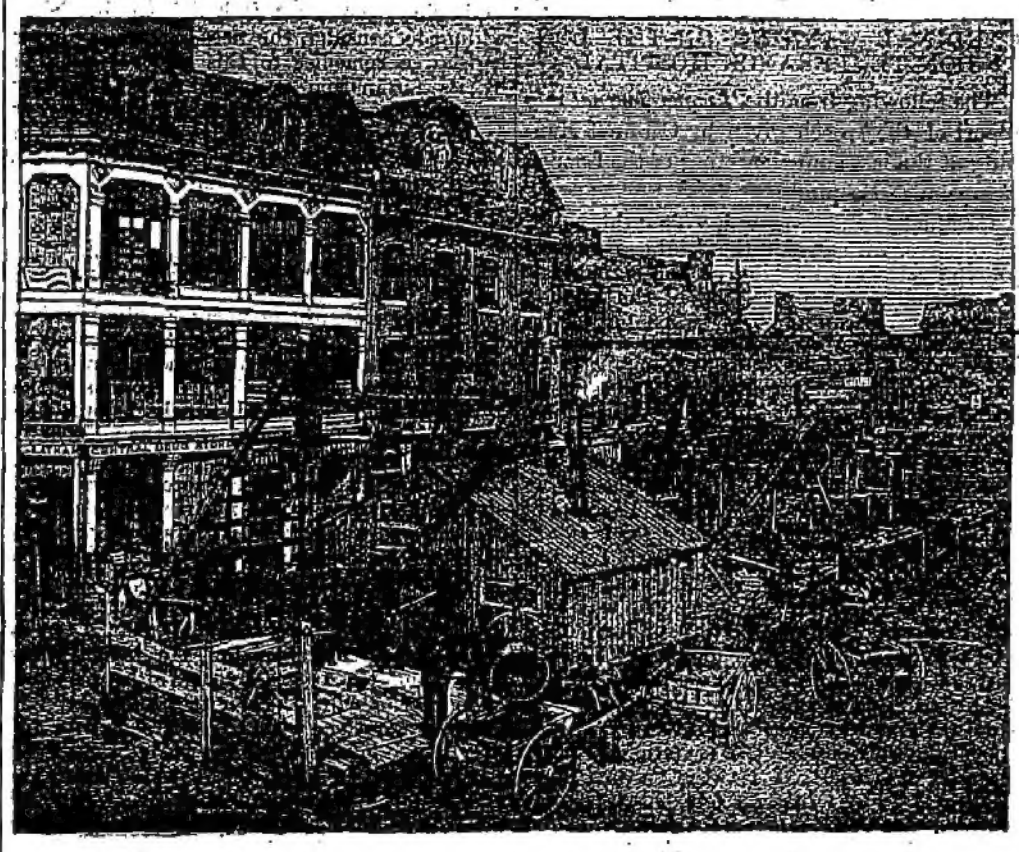
Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those expiring at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

A MONSTER TUNNEL.

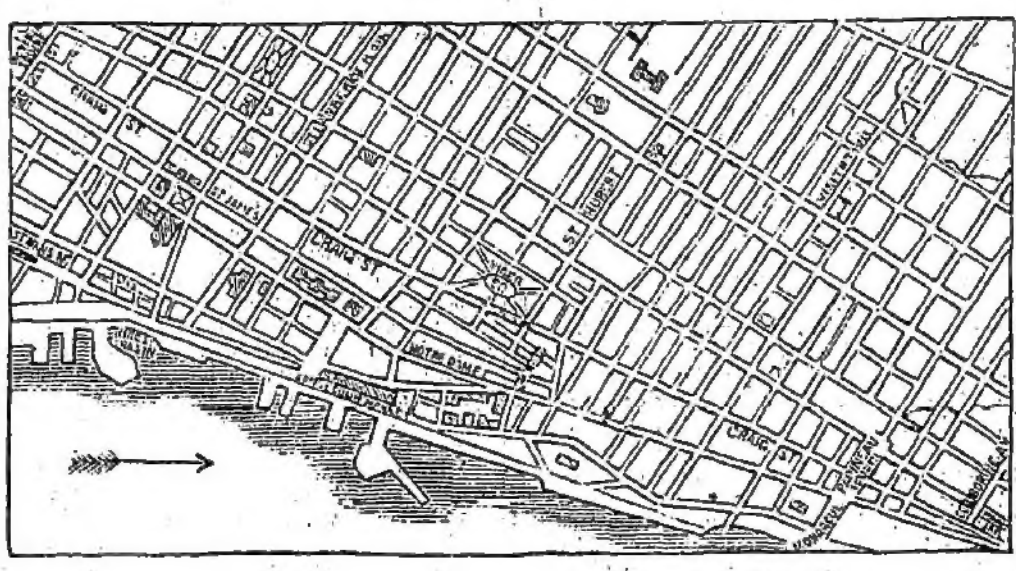
Few people, even those living in cities, have any idea of the net-work of canals, large and small, which are necessary to carry away the refuse or sewage from these cities. The following is a description of one of the principal ones in Montreal:—

In order to render the eastern portion of the city of Montreal more healthy by furnishing a more perfect system of drainage, as well as to give an outlet at the foot of St. Mary's current for the sewage from the western part of the city, what is now known as the Craig street tunnel was projected. The first steps were taken to carry out the project in December, 1875, when, in order to give work to the unemployed laborers of the city, it was resolved by the City Council to commence its construction. Mr. James Low was put in charge of a large number of men, who began the excavation for the tunnel at the east end of Craig street. The excavation there had to be made nearly forty feet deep and fifteen feet wide. The sides of the cutting had to be lined with planks kept in place by cross stays of timber. In other places where quicksand was met with, in order to build the siding, one end of the plank was formed like a wedge, while an iron band was fastened around the other end to prevent it from splitting while being driven like a pile some distance below the excavation as it proceeded. In some places the lateral pressure from the quicksand was so great that a second row of planks had to be driven down, covering the seams of the first row, and jackscrew cross-stays put in by them, the sides of the cutting being powerfully pressed outwards. Nearly all of the side sheetings, and all of the cross-stays except the upper row, as well as the jackscrew-stays at the bottom, were left in their position when the excavation was filled in after the brick-work was completed. At the close of the first year, the brick-work—which owing to several delays had not been commenced until April—was completed for a distance of 2,293 feet. The greater portion of the earth from the excavation was drawn up by horse power. A steam engine was procured to take the place of horses, but as the vibration of the engine caused the quicksand underneath to press more strongly into the cutting, it was not much used during the first year.

To obviate this difficulty as well as to prevent delays in the moving of the derricks, Mr. Low invented the railroad scheme. Large cross pieces of timber were placed across the cutting; these were placed lengthwise with the cutting over the edges of the excavation—like rails on a railway—two pieces of timber about eight inches square. The engine for hauling up the earth was placed on a platform built on low wooden wheels, while huge cranes were erected on platforms in front and rear of the engine. At the extremity of the arm of each crane was a pulley, over one of which a steel rope was passed, while over the other was passed a chain. Both the steel rope and the chain were attached to the drum of the engine, which when set in motion soon brought large tubs filled with earth to the surface



THE CRAIG STREET TUNNEL WORKS—OUT-SIDE VIEW.



PLAN SHOWING A SECTION OF MONTREAL WITH THE COURSE OF CRAIG STREET.

of the excavation. The contents of these tubs were emptied into carts waiting beside the platform. As soon as these carts were filled they were driven around and the contents turned into the part of the excavation where the brick-work was completed, thus saving much extra handling of the earth. The platforms were covered in, so as to protect the workmen in inclement weather. In winter, in order to keep out the snow, the excavation was covered over with planks.

The interior diameter of the tunnel is about eight feet. Great difficulties were encountered in placing the "cradle," which had to be placed at the bottom of the cutting before the brick-work could be built; in some places the quicksand prevented the cradle being placed at a sufficient depth; in other places where soft mud was encoutered, the cradle after being placed in position had to be surrounded by sheet piling, and about ten thousand brick were piled upon it and left some twenty-four hours in order to settle, after which an extra thickness was put on the bottom of the cradle to bring it up to the proper grade.

The walls of the tunnel are built twelve inches thick, with hard-burned bricks laid in cement. About 1,800 bricks were built into each yard of the completed work, and a packing of old bricks to the full breadth of the excavation was laid outside the shoulder of the tunnel. The bottom of the tunnel being lower than the surface of the river in winter time, a dam was erected across the tunnel near to the Champ de Mars. The whole length of the tunnel when completed will be 8,650 feet; it has a descending grade of four and a half feet to the mile. At McGill street the depth of the tunnel is 16½ feet, while at its junction with the Colborne Avenue tunnel it is nearly 40 feet deep.

TOBACCO-SMOKE IN THE HOUSE.

I am angry—yes, I am boiling over. "At whom?" Nobody: I am angry at what—a big what—tobacco-smoke in the house. I occupy the third story of a nice house, and the rooms are pleasant; but the husbands in the two families below smoke in the house, and the smoke will come out of their rooms, up the hall-way into mine, and I cannot help it. My door may be closed, and theirs closed, and yet enough of their smoke will come into my rooms to nauseate me. I pity their wives and little ones who have to stay right in it and breathe it to the full. Does not the Bible and Nature and the United States Constitution give us a right—an inalienable right—to pure air, and has anybody a right to deprive anybody else of it? No; and anybody who does is by so much a hater and robber of his race. Yet the smokers do not mean to be—they do not realize. Oh the tyranny of the tobacco habit! I know a man near—head of a large family—who told me that they do not have butter on their table except on Sundays, and that man keeps on using tobacco, and owing house-rent and leading a class-meeting and a prayer-meeting—that is, he cares more for tobacco than he does for butter for self and family, than he does for paying an honest debt, than he does for subscribing to support his church, than he does for consistency in setting a thoroughly good example. I know another man near, who told me that it cost him thirty cents a week for tobacco, and yet when I asked him, a church-member, why his little daughter did not come to church, he replied, "The old story in these times, the lack of means;" and his wife told me that their table had not known butter for months. That is, he cares more for tobacco than he does for comfort of family, soul of daughter and Christian usefulness. I know another man near, who told me that tobacco cost him thirty cents a week, and yet who said that he, a church-member, could not come to church for lack of pants good enough, and three months after, he had the same reason, though meanwhile he had smoked up $3.90, enough to have bought a decent pair of pants. That is, this man cares more for tobacco than for decency and religion. And so with thousands who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Would Jesus do these things? But "the dawning light is breaking." Many Christians have got their eyes open, the churches are moving, and the good time is coming when a man may live on the third floor and not feel that he is half-smoked out by men living below.—*Cor. N. Y. Witness.*

"TELL THE members of the League that when they come near their last hour they will bless God that they have never darkened their reason nor destroyed their self-control by drinking—that they have not set an evil example to others, but that they have set an example of self-denial."—*Cardinal Manning, Letter, read at meeting in London, December* 31.

Temperance Department.

STRENGTH GAINED BY SELF-DENIAL.

"Mamma, can I have five cents?"

"I gave you some money only a few days ago, Harry. You know mamma hasn't much money, *my boy; can't you do* without it?"

Harry looked at the dear face, and for the first time noticed how thin it was growing, nd, manly little fellow that he was, resolved not to let mamma be worried on his account.

"All right, mother; I don't really need the money—never you worry. I can use my short slate-pencil awhile longer, and I only wanted to get candy with the other three cents."

Mrs. Dunn laid her work down and drew her boy on her lap. It was an understood thing between the boy and his mother that when they were alone he could be petted as much as little five-year-old Jim or the baby; so he was very willing to cuddle down and rest his cheek against his mother's face.

"Harry, dear," she said, "you are very fond of candy."

"So are you, mother, dear."

"That's true; but I don't buy some every time I feel as if I would enjoy it. I think I never buy candy for myself."

Harry felt a little twinge of shame as he remembered the cocoanut balls he had eaten at recess yesterday. "I'll go halves with you next time," he whispered penitently.

"Oh, *I wasn't thinking of that*; but I want my boys to learn to say 'no' to their appetites and desires. The boy that can't pass a candy store—if he happens to catch sight of his favorite confectionery—will, most probably, if he has any craving for stimulants when he grows up, be unable to pass the liquor-store. Now, Harry, dear, I have wanted to talk to you about this, but I have been waiting till you were old enough to understand me. You know how careful Aunt Kate is of Phil; how, though she tries to toughen him, yet if he gets his feet wet, or is exposed to the slightest damp air, she takes the greatest pains that he shall not suffer any evil effects. Then, though he is as old as you, she still bathes him herself every night and morning, rubbing him with coarse towels and in every way trying to strengthen him. Why does she do all this?"

"You know, mamma, Phil's father—Uncle Philip—has consumption, and they are very anxious Phil should not inherit it."

"Yes, but Uncle Philip is alive; he goes to business."

"Oh, I know he does; but he isn't half as strong as he'd like to be; he coughs awfully, and is sick half the time. I'm glad there is no consumption among us."

"Oh, Harry, there's a worse disease in this family, *to fight* which you will need *all* the strength you can gain now, while you are young."

Harry looked at his mother's face in surprise. Surely she was not in earnest But never had she been more serious.

"*A worse disease* Oh, mother, what can it be? Can I be kept from it? And Jim—dear little Jim and baby"

"You are all in danger, but if only you will strengthen yourselves and dread the disease, you will escape it."

"Tell me what it is—is it paralysis? George White's father has that."

"Paralysis, consumption, and many other diseases follow this one. Harry, it is a love of strong drink. My boy, you inherit it, I fear. With this love there is almost always want of moral strength, and it is that that you must try to cultivate. It is for this reason that I do not like to see you yield to every little desire. Teach yourself, my boy, to say no to your fancies. Teach yourself self-restraint and self-denial, and your moral nature will grow firm and strong. But it is nearly school-time, and my work, too, is waiting. Think of what I have said. Good-bye, and God bless you."

The boy went off with a very sober face. Was it true that there was danger of his liking strong drink? Why, mother must have meant that there was danger of his being a drunkard. Well, if giving up candy would keep him from that, he would taste no more candy.

That noon his cousin Phil joined him. The very sight of the boy reminded Harry of what his mother had said, and he felt a new sympathy for him—they were both in danger and must strengthen themselves.

"Here, Harry, father sent this to you. He said he hadn't tipped you in some time;" and Phil handed his cousin a twenty-five cent piece.

"Oh *thank you*. Tell Uncle Philip I am so much obliged. I say, let's run over to the cake shop and get a cream cake apiece."

"No, thank you. *Mother says it'll never do* for me to eat cakes. I haven't a great appetite, and *must eat* nourishing food."

Harry turned away with a start—he had forgotten so soon! If it had not been for Phil, he would probably have eaten three or four cream cakes! After school Harry was fairly frightened to find how something seemed to be pulling him into the cake and candy stores. At last he started running, and never stopped till he reached his mother's room, and tossing his silver piece into her lap, he said:

"There, mother, keep that, and don't let me handle a cent till I can resist. Why, do you know, I could hardly get here—I wanted to spend that money so, for candy. Uncle Philip sent it to me."

"*If you want to grow strong*, my boy, you must keep the money yourself and steadily refuse temptations. Candy is not like liquor; it is good at certain times, and liquor never is; but it is the habit of self-indulgence that you must break. Let me buy you candy when I think it will be good for you, and break yourself of the habit of spending money for your own gratification.

This was the beginning of Harry's fight with his moral weakness. How weak he was he never suspected till he had failed again and again. After many failures he went humbly to God and asked His help. It was a good fight, and being Christ's faithful soldier and servant, Harry won the victory. Years after, when his friends wondered at his firmness and moral strength, he always said, "I have my mother to thank for it all—she warned me of my weakness, and taught me how to grow strong."—*Our Union*.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

The following from the *League Journal* is a report of the speech given by Cardinal Manning at the last annual meeting of the London Temperance Hospital:

Cardinal Manning moved, "That this meeting desires, with devout thankfulness to God, to express its gratification at the signal success attending the operations of the London Temperance Hospital since its opening in October, 1873, and regards that success as indicative of the greater results reasonably to be expected from a continuance and extension of these operations in the future." His Eminence having borne public testimony to the bold and earnest manner in which Lord Aberdare had taken in hand the great question of attempting to control by Act of Parliament the sale of intoxicating drinks, and to the great services rendered by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, said he would say a few words on the subject before them. About a year ago he was very sorry to incur the displeasure of a friend of his, a very earnest physician, one of the first physiologists of the day, and a man who had by his microscope and his writings done more than perhaps any other man to dissolve and dispel the fallacies of the materialists. The cause of this was, and he (the Cardinal) had *said it in public, that he felt that the great* medical faculty owed reparation upon this great subject of the use of intoxicating drink; but he repeated the assertion, and he said it now on the authority of names which he was quite sure would protect him from the appearance of any rashness or animosity against those distinguished persons. There were three names he would mention whose writings had perhaps done more than any other three men he knew in convincing men, first of all, of the non-necessity of stimulants; and, secondly, of their danger; and above all he would name Dr. Richardson, who, by his most minute and careful writings, had done more than any person with whom he was acquainted. Secondly, he would mention Dr. Carpenter, or rather both the Drs. Carpenter; and, lastly, Dr. Wilkes, the physician and lecturer at Guy's Hospital. Under the shadow of those names he would explain his meaning. As the chairman had reminded them, five-and-twenty years ago it was thought necessary to use stimulants in a great degree, and in a great majority of cases where debility was found. This unfortunately created what the chairman (quoting a distinguished friend of his) had called a "superstition." He did not claim to stand by the side of so many cases as perhaps a physician in full practice, but he did claim in an experience of over forty years to have had to deal with more distress and more deplorable cases in which habitual and inevitable habits of drinking had been formed, the first impulse having been given by the ill-advised counsel of medical men. This hospital was intended to disabuse the medical faculty of the conviction which they believed they had arrived at scientifically—the need of using alcoholic stimulants in cases where the use of them was either unnecessary or positively injurious. In the bed-cards at every hospital there were two columns, one for the diet and the other for the medicine, and some forms of alcohol were always put with the diet. It was generally admitted by scientific men that alcohol neither nourished nor contributed to the substance of the human system. Some people said alcohol gave strength, and they were told that when the action of the heart was weak it was necessary to whip it up. Well, he would ask if the horse whipped in the street was any stronger for it? What Dr. Richardson has stated scientifically was no doubt very true, that alcohol was not a food, but an agent; like the whip, or rather the hand that held it, in the case of the horse. Then, he would ask, what was the natural condition of life? The only definition was health, and a condition of life distinct from health—well, it was not for him to say that he hardly knew a better definition. Even moderate drinkers were continually sipping up disease, as the scientific experience and analysis had maintained. *Alcohol should be classed* as a drug. Since this hospital had been established alcohol *had only been used in one* case, and, therefore, its non-necessity in general cases had been clearly established. If it could be shown, as it had, that alcohol was not only unnecessary, but that it had a number of what he might call parasitical dangers in it, he thought they had made out their case. He hoped alcohol would not only disappear from the bed-cards of hospitals, but from society altogether. He trusted the London Temperance Hospital would prosper in the good work that it had undertaken. It was the *experimentum crucis*. They had been taunted with being theorists, and the medical faculty having given them a fair challenge, this was the trial by ordeal, to see if disease could be treated without alcohol, and he trusted that before *long there would* be a conviction in the medical faculty that would prevail on the Legislature to begin to do what it had been so tardily willing to consider, the necessity of applying legislative remedies to this great evil, which by its fascination was not only destroying thousands of individuals and sapping the very foundations of the commonwealth, but which was a pestilence in the Christian world and a scandal to the Christian name.

AN UNFRAGRANT SUBJECT.

The fragrance of a good cigar while burning is attractive to those who use tobacco, and to many who do not. But no one—literally no *one—admires the stench* which remains in the hair and clothing, and which befouls the breath of the tobacco user after the more delicate aroma of the weed has passed away. A tobacco user is invariably more or less offensive in his person to all nostrils not deadened by constant familiarity with the same fetid odor. He is rarely conscious of this fact. He has no idea how his entrance into a room fouls the air, and his very presence in a car, or his passing on the street, is notified to refined senses by his impurity of person. He little thinks of the diminished attractiveness of his presence to mother or wife, to sister or friend, through his impregnation with vile odors—unless, indeed, these loved ones have been brought by his habit to know no difference between the pure and the impure in fragrance. In any event, every tobacco user is in a greater or less degree offensive by his personal uncleanliness to many whom he meets, if not to those whom he holds dearest. Most tobacco-using clergymen would be astonished if they knew to how many in their congregations their stench of person renders them offensive; how many housekeepers open their doors and windows to air the rooms after their pastor's social call; how many persons shrink from the nauseating odors of the tobacco-perfumed study, when desiring religious counsel. For, be it remembered, that it is not his person alone which the use of tobacco renders offensive; his smoking-room and his whole house suffer similarly. Curtains, carpets, furniture, pictures, and books, all reek alike with the foul residuum of stale tobacco-smoke. There is no such thing as a clean room where tobacco is used, said a gentleman recently, "I had a smoking clergyman at my house for some weeks, he smoked in the room which he used as a study, he has been away from us now five months. We have done everything in our power to cleanse that room; but on a damp day when the air is heavy, the smell of old tobacco-smoke is distinctly perceptible there." So it may be said of a steamboat state-room, a sleeping-car berth, or a hotel or college room, which a smoker has occupied. It is rendered almost unfit for use by a pure and cleanly person; quite unfit for comfort to one of delicate sense. Indeed, if there were no other objection to tobacco using than its defilement of his person and his surroundings, the really pure and the nobly proud young man would abhor it, as lowering his plane of personal living by its essential filthiness; and he would feel that its fashionableness, its companionableness, and the delights of its indulgence, were quite too dearly purchased at its inevitable cost, rendering him offensive to persons of high refinement and keenest sensibilities.—*S. S. Times*.

EIGHT GRAVES.

A grave-digger and a gentleman were passing through a church-yard, engaged in tracing the virtues of the dead, as recorded on the various tombstones. Within a circumference of twenty feet from where they stood lay no fewer than eight victims to intemperance.

"Here," said the official, "you observe the grave of a gentleman aged forty-four, who left home to attend some races at the neighboring city, got drunk, and was found dead.

"The next grave is that of a man aged thirty-nine, who in a state of intoxication, ran a race with another man, was thrown from his horse and died from its effects.

"A little further on you see the grave of one, aged fifty, who often drank to excess. He died soon after the Russian war, under the effects of strong drink. He would often turn his wife out of the house; and once in a state of drunken frenzy, he took the butter which she had been churning, and battered the walls with it, saying that he was taking Sebastopol."

In a grave a little distance off were deposited the remains of another drunkard, who died from the effects of drinking a gallon of gin for a wager.

The next grave was that of a man who, in a state of intoxication, attempted to ford the river in the valley below, and was drowned.

The next, that of the village publican, who had such an insatiable thirst for strong drink that he swallowed all before him. He had possessed property, in houses and lands, but all went, and his life also fell a sacrifice to strong drink.

The next, that of the village physician, who, while engaged in trying to cure others, killed himself through indulging in intoxicating drinks.

The last of this sad catalogue of victims was a man aged fifty, who was a great drinker; as the sexton said, "He drank hard, and in a state of inebriation, passed through the graveyard and saw me making a grave. 'John,' said he, with an oath, 'are you making that grave for me?' His words were nearly verified, for the very next grave was *made for this poor drunkard*."

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."—*W. F. Crafts, in the Two Chains*.

Alcohol and Chronic Disease.—The injury to health occasioned by alcoholic beverages is far greater than is commonly supposed. The death-rate directly due to alcoholism, in all large cities, is very large, but the percentage of cases of acute and chronic diseases in which alcohol is primarily a chief cause, though not commonly recognized as such, is very much larger. N. H. Davis, M.D., of Chicago, presented at a late meeting of the American Medical Association a paper upon "Chronic Pulmonary Disease," in which, referring to certain cases of which he had made a very particular study, he says: "It is not always easy or possible to trace out the cause underlying the constitutional condition in these cases. Of my sixty-seven cases [chronic pulmonary disease] forty were traceable to habitual excesses in the use of alcoholic stimulants." Under the usual circumstances, and except that Dr. Davis was making a special study of the subject, these forty cases, more than fifty per cent. of the whole number, would have passed simply as of ordinary pulmonary disease, and the relation of alcoholic poisoning thereto as a producing cause would have been lost sight of, probably not even suspected. In the problem of disease, as of crime and pauperism, alcohol is an important factor.—*National Advocate*.

Complaint has been made to the New York Annual Conference of the African Methodist Church that Elder J. W. Morgan, of Coxsackie, *is guilty* of unseemly habits. Bishop Payne called him to the bar, and asked him if he was in the habit of smoking cigars and chewing tobacco. He replied that he had used tobacco, but had lately given it up. The Bishop briefly rebuked him for his use of the weed, and sent him to his seat, telling him to go and sin no more in this regard. Here is a good example for white churches. We trust that there is some foundation for the report that eminent members of other bodies—such as Dr. Washburn, Episcopalian; Drs. Crosby and Cuyler, Presbyterian, and Dr. Taylor, Congregational—propose to add to their successful temperance labors a vigorous assault on the use of tobacco, the crusade against which weed has somewhat slackened since the death of Dr. Trask.—*N. Y. Independent*.

Neal Dow says that there are only such men engaged in the liquor-traffic in Maine as would steal and commit murder, providing the penalty for stealing and committing murder was not greater than for selling liquor.

Agricultural Department.

POTTING.

When soils of a description suited to the nature of the different kinds of plants that are usually grown in pots have been obtained, the actual operation of potting is often looked upon as a general routine affair, requiring little or no variation in the way it is carried out. Such, however, is by no means the case, for even when the best possible soil is at hand, in suitable condition, it often happens that the plants operated upon fail to grow as well as desired, and this through the operation being performed in a way not suited to the particular subject.

From the immense increase in the cultivation of pot-plants that has taken place within the last quarter of a century, the necessity for some of the ordinary essentials in potting has become so universally known and accepted that it is scarcely requisite to name them. Among these is the importance of the soil being in a right condition as to moisture, neither too wet nor too dry. If too dry, it becomes necessary to give water sooner after the operation is completed than is consistent with the well-being of most things. There is the additional inconvenience in getting the new material equally moistened without making it too wet for the healthy extension of the roots, which, except in the case of very strong-rooting subjects, or such as are particularly of a water-requiring natur , have a great tendency to rot if in contact with a wet mass of new soil before they have absolutely made some progress in pushing new fibres in it. If, on the other hand, the new soil contains too much moisture when used, the result generally is that it becomes a close, hard, impervious mass, in which healthy root-development seldom takes place.

For appearance sake it is necessary that the outside of all pots used should be quite clean; and this is usually acted upon, but not so the still more important fact the inner surface should be as clean as when new. Even when common quick-growing plants have to be operated upon, if a strong-rooting subject be placed in a pot the inside of which has ever so little of the old soil from the ball of the plant it has previously held adhering to it, the roots of the plant so placed, when it becomes necessary to turn it out, will adhere to the sides to such an extent as to cause serious mutilation; and, in the case of tender, fine-rooted things, the mischief is proportionately greater.

The necessity for sufficient drainage by the use of crocks, charcoal, or other materials of a similar nature, placed in the bottoms of the pots, is generally understood, and if this be effected it is often considered all that is necessary; yet, this is not the case. It is no unusual occurrence, when repotting a plant with a view to give more root-room, to find that the crocks which it is requisite to remove are, through having been used, much too large, incapable of being got away without mutilating the root. If the individual pieces of crocks be reduced to something like half an inch, they can be removed with comparatively little injury. In potting it is a very common occurrence to see drainage material that has been previously in use made to do duty again in a dirty state. This is calculated to do the most harm when the crocks, etc., have lain for some time unused and have got dry, in which case any portion of the roots of the plants they have been used for that are amongst or adhering to them will have become mouldy, and this mouldiness would very often immediately extend to whatever vegetable matter the new soil contained, permeating the whole, and extending to the living roots, causing, to a greater or less extent, their destruction. The matter which is laid immediately over the crocks to prevent the soil trickling down among them or being washed thereto in watering is equally deserving of consideration. It is usual to employ some of the fibrous material which the soil contains, but it is better to allow this to remain unremoved, using a little clean Sphagnum moss instead for any plant that will not be all or partially shaken out in the course of twelve months. Hypnum moss should not be employed for this purpose, as it is always liable to become mouldy.

There is nothing in connection with the operation of potting wherein it is so necessary to vary the practice as in the opening out or disentangling of the roots from the ball of soil they have already occupied. When hard-wooded plant culture first became better understood there was a general impression that in potting the roots should be opened out, so as to lie at once in the new soil, much in the way usual in the case of soft-wooded subjects, or such free-growing hard-wooded things as are generally subjected to partial shaking out with the removal of a portion of their roots. This was no doubt done to prevent the roots getting permanently fixed in the curved position to which the shape and limits of the pots forced them, as opposed to their natural unobstructed development. This seems at first sight a reasonable proposition, but it will not bear examining, inasmuch as it is not possible to imitate nature exactly. The confinement of the roots is inseparable from the method of cultivation adopted, whereas, if allowed to spread in their natural position the roots of a plant would, in most cases, extend horizontally very much further than its branches, a condition necessarily completely reversed under pot culture. In the first stages of growth, after the cutting is struck, it is desirable that the roots have enough room to prevent their being forced into the corkscrew-like shape that results from being early pot-bound, a state which renders most young plants worthless. But, from close observation, extended to all hard-wooded plants with delicate roots that have attained any considerable size, I am convinced that there is no worse or more injurious practice than any attempt to disentangle or loosen their roots from the ball, further than such as may be liberated by the removal of the crocks from the bottom.

The mutilating process that is often advised, and more frequently practised, of perforating the sides of the ball with a skewer or pointed stick, by which the most active feeding rootlets are bruised and broken, is the direct cause of numberless plants coming to an untimely end, frequently in a short time after the operation has been performed, yet as often lingering awhile, in which case the sight of the tortured plants is a greater infliction than their dying at once. In the cultivation of plants under artificial conditions there are some things in which it is neither possible nor desirable to attempt an imitation of Nature; but in the matter of keeping the collar, that is the base of the stem from where the strong roots immediately proceed, well up to the surface of the soil, we cannot err. I need not say that, in the case of underground bulbous and tuberous rooted plants, this does not apply. Others there are which will bear the collar more or less covered with soil without seeming to suffer from it, as seen in everyday practice; but wherever any plant of a delicate character, particularly that of a hard-wooded description, is found to do better and live longer than others of the same or a kindred nature, it will usually be found that the strong roots have their upper portion well up or partially above the surface.—*London Gardeners' Chronicle.*

HOW TO RAISE SQUASHES.

The squash is a gross feeder and delights in an abundance of nitrogenous manure. All kinds of manure seem to agree with it excepting kelp, salt fish, and other manures containing salt. The squash is very rich in nitrogenous substances, and consequently requires nitrogenous manures; while it does not need so much phosphoric acid as the cereals. I have found hen-manure the best fertilizer I could apply to squashes. It is very heating and is rich in nitrogen. I find by experiment that home-made superphosphate will grow better corn than hen-manure, while the hen-manure will grow double the amount of squashes that the superphosphate will. As a general rule, the more manure we apply to squashes the larger crop we obtain. I have never found a limit to the profitable application of manure to squashes. Of course, there is such a limit, but it is very seldom reached. The more manure we apply the surer we are of a crop, in spite of a possible drought; for well-manured squashes will flourish, while others growing on a short allowance of this indispensable article will wilt and dry up. Indeed, we need not fear the drought, with good land, plenty of manure, and thorough cultivation. The past season I applied eight cords of green manure from under the cow-stable, spread on, and a shovelful of dry hen-manure in each hill; and I would recommend more, rather than less. Great care must be taken in covering the manure in the hill, as hen-manure or other strong nitrogenous manures will destroy the seed if they come in contact with it. It will not be safe to rely on kicking the dirt over the manure with the foot; but a very much better way is to have a man go ahead with a hoe to press the manure down and cover it with an inch of fine earth. Guano, night-soil, or well-rotted stable-manure may be used with good success. If stable-manure is used, I would apply not less than three or four shovelfuls in each hill. We must have manure enough to warm the soil and give the plants a good start, so as to drive them ahead of the bugs. The roots of a squash-vine run very close to the surface; and, consequently, we should apply the manure at the surface and work it in very lightly. It is also best to apply part broadcast and a part in the hill; for that in the hill will give the plants an early start, driving them ahead of the bugs, while that applied broadcast will help to sustain the vines after the roots have got beyond the hill, and will also be found by the little roots which grow from each joint after the vine begins to run.

It will be a safe rule to plant as soon as cherry trees begin to blossom. The squash needs the whole season of warm weather to perfect itself, and should be planted as soon as the ground is warm and dry. It is better to plant too early than too late, for when planted too early we only lose the seed and can plant over again. In ordinary seasons the fifteenth of May is none too early.

Having plowed the land and worked a good dressing of manure into the surface soil, the rows should be marked out seven or eight feet apart each way, and a slight hole, large enough to hold the manure below the surface, should be made. I find seven feet about the right distance apart, and better than a greater distance, as missing hills will be covered by the vines from other hills, making a more even field. Press the manure down level and cover it with an inch of fine earth, and drop six or seven seeds in each hill, taking care to spread them evenly over the hill, and cover, if the soil is moist, only one inch deep; but if dry, one and a half inches is better. I do not like to press the soil over the seed, unless it is very dry or sandy; for pressing moist soil makes it cake and obstructs the tender plant in coming up.—*From J. W. Pierce's Prize Essay.*

BLINDERS ON HORSES.

Being desirous of the opinions of men who have had experience with and without blinders on horses, we sent a few questions to superintendents of our Boston Street Railroads on the subject.

The first was—

"Do you consider blinders necessary for the safety or comfort of the horse or his driver?"

"No," said the superintendent of the 'Metropolitan;' "I never would put blinders on a horse, if I had no blinders on hand."

"I abandoned," wrote the superintendent of the "Highland," "the use of blinders five years ago, and have seen no reason to regret it. This was done against the advice of the so-called 'practical men.' If a horse is not safe on a car without blinders, I do not consider him safe for the business at all."

On the "Metropolitan," it is three years since the custom of using open bridles began. That road has 2,200 horses, and about 1,000 do not now have them.

It is the intention of the "Metropolitan" "to do wholly without the blinder," which it is hoped will be accomplished "in perhaps two years." "I have made no bridles with blinders for two years. As fast as they wear out they are replaced with open bridles."

On the "Highland," "all new horses are used without blinders after the first trip or two, and sometimes from the very first. "All the objections to the open bridle have been considered," says the same authority, "and I have talked with railroad men in the principal cities of the United States on the subject, and am a firm believer in the use of the open bridle on street-car horses." For three years the open bridle has been in use in our Boston Fire Department.

We add, in conclusion, that Mr. Samuel Page of this city commanded a regiment of cavalry on the Maine frontier forty years ago, and he then discovered that a horse with blinders was more nervous than when his eyes were uncovered. Beginning then his observations, he has continued them ever since, until from a sense of the folly and cruelty involved in their use, he has given much time to private expostulation, with most encouraging results. Mr. Page asserts that nineteen horses without will do the work of twenty with blinders. Certainly no young horse should be accustomed to them.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

AMMONIA FOR PLANTS.—I had been using spirits of ammonia to cleanse some fabric; it was diluted in soft water, and wishing to empty the dish I turned it on a scarlet geranium that I brought out of the sitting-room (as it looked as if it was struck with death or old age), and set it in the kitchen window. It was a pretty strong dose, but I thought I would see what it would do. It operated like a life elixir; the buds began to swell, and today it is as fresh and vigorous, with a thick foliage of leaves, as a young and thrifty plant. I afterwards tried it on other plants, and I find it a splendid thing. It seems to strengthen them, and they really show that it is the one thing needful. It is not a costly fertilizer, and is very convenient. People like, if they cultivate plants, to have them look as if they are glad to live and enjoy living. I do not think a flower stand filled with pale, sickly, yellow plants, is any ornament; it puts sad thoughts and sober memories into our minds. But a few bright, vigorous growing plants remind us of the promise, that the Spring, laden with blooming verdure, will return, and the green leaves are like the record of that promise.—*Farmer's Wife, in Country Gentleman.*

DOMESTIC.

VEGETABLE ACIDS cool and dilute the blood, and generally refresh the system. All fruits contain acids and salts, which exercise a cooling and invigorating influence. Apricots, peaches, apples, pears, gooseberries and currants contain malic acid. Lemons, raspberries, grapes and pineapples contain citric acid. The skins of grapes and plums contain tannic acid, which has a bitter taste.

DAMP CLOTHES.—There is great danger in wearing damp clothes, because when a liquid passes into the state of vapor there is a great absorption of heat. In the animal economy, heat is generated in the system and given out by the body. If the clothes are damp, this heat is abstracted faster than a new supply is formed by the process of respiration, and the result is what is termed a cold.

MOULDINESS is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetation. Ink, paste, leather and seeds most frequently suffer by it. A clove will preserve ink; any essential oil answers equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus, Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy. A few drops of any essential oil will keep books entirely free from it. For harness, oil of turpentine is recommended.

SELECTION OF FLOUR.—In selecting flour first look to the color. If it is white, with a yellowish straw color tint, buy it. If it is white with a blueish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Next, examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Then throw a lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Lastly squeeze some of the flour tight in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests.

THE *Journal of Chemistry* asserts that tea is not the simple, harmless beverage that is generally supposed, but that its effects, in their character, may rightfully claim to be classed with those of tobacco and alcohol. The paper also adds: "Many disorders of the nervous system are the direct result of excessive tea-drinking. Tea is a 'narcotic poison;' its essential principle, theine, is allied in composition with such poisons as strychnine and morphia. It first excites the nervous system and then exhausts it. Experiments show that both in man and other animals it impairs power in the lower extremities; so that it affects the 'understanding' in a double sense—literally as well as figuratively. It is not the harmless exhilarant it is supposed to be, but a powerful agent whose effects are often serious."

"BEAUTY SLEEP."—Sleep obtained two hours before midnight, when the negative forces are in operation, is the rest which most recuperates the system, giving brightness to the eyes and a glow to the cheek. The difference in the appearance of a person who habitually retires at ten o'clock, and that of one who sits up until twelve is quite remarkable. The tone of the system, so evident in the complexion, the clearness and sparkle of the eyes, and the softness of the lines of the features is, in a person of health, kept at "concert pitch" by taking regular rest two hours before twelve o'clock, and then obtaining the "beauty sleep" of night. There is a heaviness of the eyes, a sallowness of the skin, and an absence of that glow in the face which renders it fresh in expression and round in appearance, which distinguish the person who keeps late hours.

KILL THE FISH YOU CATCH.—A correspondent of "Forest and Stream" says:—"Nobody would like to eat beef taken from a drowned animal, but when we take a fish alive out of the water we string them, and, when satisfied with the sport, we sling them over our shoulder and wander toward the kitchen, without thinking of killing them. That is a general rule. I think it ought to be the rule among true sportsmen to have a little more humanity, and to kill a fish in a quick way instead of suffocating them. But not only for humanity's sake should we kill our table fish. The killed fish is a better flavored dish. A dead fish which has been killed will have his mouth shut; but, if he has died by being taken from his element and allowed to slowly suffocate, his mouth will be wide open. In some countries a dead fish with open mouth is considered unmarketable." The editor added, that fish will keep twice as long by being killed by a blow on the head, directly after being caught, than if left to die. "Its texture is firmer, and its flesh harder. On the ground of humanity, let the appeal be strong. Let us ameliorate the suffering. If small, take the fish around the body, and rap the top of his head upon a stone or the thwart of the boat; if large, rap his head with a heavy stick; or pierce the cervical column at the base of the brain with a sharp knife.' This produces paralysis, and almost immediate death."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

OUR VILLAGE COOKING CLASS.

My husband has requested me to write an account of a course of lessons in cheap crockery, which I have lately given the laborers' wives in our village, assuring me that my receipts for vegetable soups, puddings, and stews, being within reach of the very poor, may be acceptable to ladies who are anxious to do good in their neighborhood.

I must begin by saying that our income of three hundred a year does not admit of lavish almsgiving, and that I have always been constrained to teach our people to help themselves, rather than to supply their wants by charity.

We have had experience of all kinds of people, in the three country parishes, in the North of Ireland, of which Mr. Anderson has been rector, and have been painfully struck by the miserable cookery and utter lack of comfort that prevailed.

A Cottage Gardening Society which we established two years ago has succeeded beyond our hopes. Little strips of garden before the houses give an air of cheerfulness to the villages and scattered cottages in the parish, and the potato gardens are beginning to be stocked with other vegetables.

At our flower show last summer many people gained prizes for onions, peas, beans, carrots, etc., and it was this fact that induced me to attempt to teach the women how to turn their vegetables to the best account.

Mr. Anderson gave me the use of the school-room twice a week after school-hours, having offered to submit being held to the class in the rectory kitchen, an offer I declined.

"Why not use our oven?" he asked.

"Because there are no ovens in the cottages, and my first lessons must therefore be confined to things boiled or stewed. The loan of the school-room grate, some coal, a pot, kettle, saucepan, and a few plates and spoons, will enable me to begin in comfort."

I began in a diplomatic manner by going to Biddy Harrigan, an industrious young girl, who had been awarded prizes for her onions and carrots; and after admiring for the twentieth time the basket-work chair in which her invalid sister sat, and the lamp on the table, both prizes won last summer, I broke to her my plan of having a cooking class, and got her to consent to be a pupil.

Eleven others, principally elderly married woman, joined us, and I gave my first lesson to a class of twelve.

Never in my life had I felt so anxious, and at the same time so resolute, as when I stood at the little table before the school-room fire, waiting for my women to appear. The kettle was singing on the hob; the black pot and the saucepan were on the hearth ready for use; and the knife was already in my hand.

Biddy was the first to enter.

"The women's coming up the street, Mrs. Anderson," she began, looking amused and eager—"there's Nelly McBride, Mrs. McAlister, Nancy McAward, an' a wheen more."

"Well, Biddy, put seats for them at each side of the table, and you shall stand beside me, and be my kitchen-maid."

The pupils came in, dressed in their clean frilled caps and Sunday shawls, and took their places, evidently very curious as to what kind entertainment I was about to provide for them.

"I am going to show you how to make onion soup," said I, opening my basket and spreading the ingredients upon the table; "it is easy to make, and I am sure your husbands will like it."

"Dear, dear, where would the likes of us get soup, Mrs. Anderson?" asked Nancy McAward, smiling indulgently at my simplicity

"Don't you sometimes buy a little bit of bacon?"

"Oh, ay, ma'am, whiles."

"And you have onions in your garden?"

"Sure, she got the second prize for them at the show," interrupted Mrs. McAlister.

"Ay, thon box iron, an' a beauty it is," cried Nelly McBride.

"And you sometimes get oatmeal, flour, salt, and vinegar at the shop?" I asked, trying to bring my pupils back to the matter in hand.

"We do, surely, ma'am."

"And you have a couple of eggs to spare now and then?"

Yes, they all had poultry, and made a good deal of money by selling eggs.

"Then if you like the soup that I am going to show you how to make, it will be easy for you to have it occasionally. Here are the materials we need to make it—four ounces of bacon, twelve onions, half a pound of oatmeal, or half pound of stale bread, a table-spoonful of flour, a table-spoonful of vinegar, and two eggs."

"Is that all you'll put in it, ma'am?"

"All, I assure you."

"Well, well, why wouldn't we make that?" said Biddy, my kitchen-maid.

"'I AM GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE ONION SOUP,' SAID I."

"Sure we'd make it if it would please the good lady," put in Nancy McAward.

Ignoring the last remark, I took my knife, and proceeded to cut up the bacon in very small pieces. It was very fat bacon, and sputtered and fizzed a good deal when I put in the pot on the fire.

Meanwhile Biddy peeled and cut up the onions, and by the time the bacon had ceased to make a noise, she threw them into the pot as I directed.

"Stir the onions, Biddy, in the melted fat until they become brown; stir gently and constantly for fear they should burn. You ought stir them from ten to fifteen minutes; can you guess the time?"

"An' how would a poor body find the time to stand stirring?" objected Nancy McAward.

I feared she was going to turn out the obstructive member of the class, but I pretended not to have heard her question, and went on with my directions.

"Are the onions brown? Yes, a very nice brown." I looked into the pot, and all the women crowded upon one another to do the same. "Now observe I shake a spoonful of flour over them, and stir for a few minutes onger. Where is the quart measure? Biddy, pour two quarts of boiling water into the pot."

This was done, and the soup was stirred again.

I hesitated for a moment between the half pound of oatmeal, which lay on one plate, and the half pound of stale bread beside it.

"Either the meal or the crust of bread will do to put into the soup," I said, "but the crust certainly tastes the best; which will be easiest for you to get?"

"As to that, ma'am," replied Biddy, "we all buy white bread pretty often, and as you say the crust tastes best, be pleased to put it in."

So I cut the bread into small pieces, and added it to the soup, and let all boil steadily for a quarter of an hour, stirring often. "Now, Biddy," I cried, "take off the pot and set it on the hearth. We will not add salt, as we are using bacon. See, I next beat up the yolks of these two eggs with a spoonful of vinegar: I then mix some of the soup with the eggs and vinegar; and lastly I stir all together in the pot until it is very well mixed. The soup is now ready. Hand me a cup, Biddy—I must taste it."

Finding it to be delicious, I ladled out some with great pride, and handed it to the women.

"Beautiful!" cried one.

"It's the darlin' soup," said another.

"Dear, but it's strong an' nourishing!" exclaimed a third.

"And not difficult to cook," I suggested.

"It would be a fine kitchen for the potatoes," said Nelly McBride in a meditative tone.

Nelly is the mother of a large family of grown-up sons, who are earning good wages, and whose unappetising dinner of salt herring and dry potatoes I had often chanced to see in process of preparation.

I thought how easy it would be for her to provide the ingredients of the soup very frequently; and a delightful vision of a comfortable meal served at her fireside floated before my mind's eye, which should be the means of keeping the young man away from the too attractive public-house just opposite.

The public-house is Mr. Anderson's chief difficulty in the parish; it is the great enemy of our people, and to rob it of its customers is my ardent desire. The gardening society has dealt it a blow, by occupying the people in the spring and summer evenings—would that my cooking class might deal it another and more deadly one.

"*I'll* make onion soup to-morrow," said Biddy, washing the table and cooking implements as she spoke. "Would it be good for Jane?"

Jane was the invalid sister for whom the basket-chair had been provided. I replied that the soup would be excellent for Jane, and hoped that Biddy's cooking might succeed.

"Would you be pleased to look in at our house when you leave the school to-morrow, ma'am an' perhaps I might make so free as to ask you to taste the soup?" faltered Biddy, blushing very much.

"Thank you, Biddy, I shall be delighted to call."

The women were much impressed by Biddy's invation, and went away thoughtfully. None of them expressed any intention of making onion soup for themselves, however, but I resolved not to push my triumph too far, and prudently refrained from exacting any promises from them, except of future attendance at the cooking class.

Mr. Anderson was charmed at my success. "What!" he cried—"one out of your class of twelve has volunteered to cook at home, and to cook to-morrow! My dear Fanny, I wish you joy."

Biddy kept house for her father, brother and sick sister. She had got second prize for a clean house, at our flower show the previous summer, as well as prizes for vegetables. She was a credit to us in every way, and was perhaps the best pioneer I could have found for carrying out my reforms.

I duly called on her next day, thought her onion soup quite as good as that I had made for the class.

"Will she perserve? That question must, alas! always be asked where the Irish are concerned," was my husband's remark when I told him of Biddy's success.

When the hour for my second cooking class arrived, I was encouraged to find all my twelve pupils waiting for me.

"I am going to show you how to make onion pudding," I began. "It will take an hour and a half to cook. You have all got herbs in your gardens, and I think most of you hung up a bundle of them to dry, as I advised?"

"We did, ma'am, sure enough."

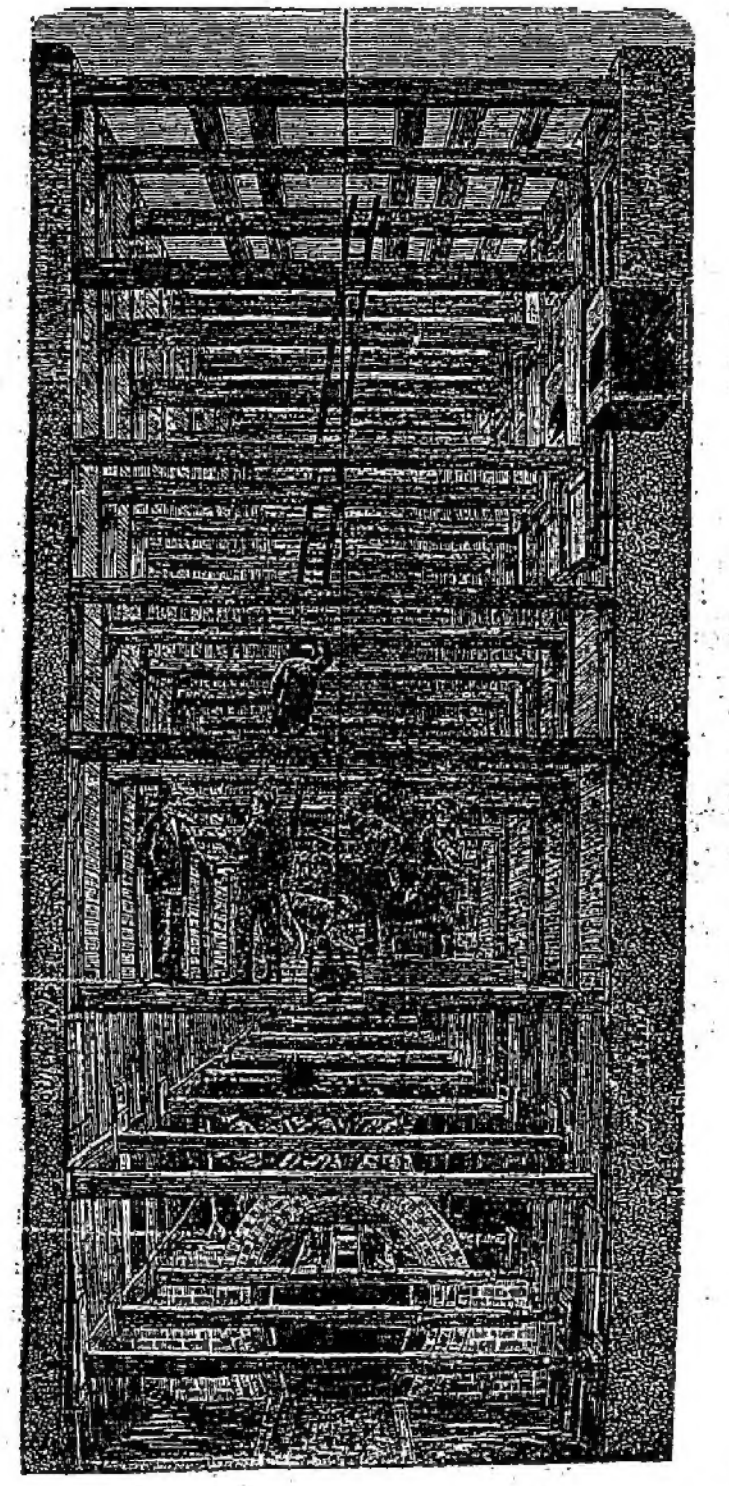
"Well, who will be so good as to fetch me two or three leaves of sage, and a sprig of thyme?"

I "will, ma'am, for I've only to go next door," said Nelly McBride; "is there anything else I could oblige you with?—I could bring onions in plenty."

"I know you could, Nelly, and you shall furnish everything if you like next time."

When she returned, I set Biddy to peel and halve the onions. While this operation was in progess, I told my class the proportions of our ingredients: Half a pound of onions, half a pound of bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of dried sage, half a teaspoonful of thyme, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a little salt, and two ounces of fat bacon.

"Now, Biddy, put the onions in the saucepan, and let them boil



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CRAIG STREET WORKS.

for ten minutes. Now drain away the water from them, and chop them, but not too fine. Mix them with the bread-crumbs, the herbs, the pepper and salt, and the fat, which you see I have just melted."

While she had been employed in chopping up the onions, I had melted the fat in the saucepan from which they had just been taken.

She obeyed my directions, and I then put the mixture into a greased basin, which I tied up in a cloth, plunged into the pot, and left to boil an hour and a quarter. The result was excellent. The women's exclamations of admiration when, at some expense of scalded fingers, I untied the string and turned the pudding out upon the dish, round in form, smoking hot, and savory in smell, well repaid me for my previous anxiety.

"Dear, but it is the darling pudding!" cried Nelly McBride, "an' sure *I* ha' the onions, an' thyme, an' sage handy; and the bit o' fat bacon, an' the white bread is handy too, when I ha' the halfpence. *I'll* make the pudding to-morrow, an' if Mrs. Anderson would look in, the way she did at Biddy's, maybe she would tell me if it was right."

This observation was not directly addressed to me, but I replied by cordially accepting the timid invation, and went home feeling encouraged to continue my cooking lessons.—LETITIA McCLINTOCK.

DOES HE HEAR?

BY HOPE LEDYARD

"Yes, God will hear any prayer. He may not answer it at once. Perhaps you may not understand the answer every time, but you may be sure he hears. One of you find John xiv. 14."

"I've got it, teacher," said Johnny Day. "May I read it?"

"Certainly. Slowly, now, that all may understand." Miss Duncan noticed with what pride Johnny held his new Bible as he read: "'If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it.'"

Johnny kept his finger carefully at the text till the school was dismissed, and then he said: "Please, teacher, will you mark the text for me?"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Duncan, her heart warming towards the boy. "What a lovely Bible this is, Johnny! Was it given you at Christmas?"

"Yes, ma'am; my Aunt Mary sent it me. I'm going to use I all my life. Aunt Mary said it mustn't be afraid to mark the verses I liked best; but I am. I can't mark like you can."

"Would you like me to mark some more verses for you?"

"Please."

With a prayer to be guided in her choice, she turned the leaves, lingering lovingly over such verses as "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "There is therefore no condemnation for them that are in Christ Jesus."

"There!" she said in a few minutes, "I've marked quite a number, Johnny. Perhaps by and by you can do this for yourself."

The boy took the Bible, and five minutes later was running races with a couple of boys who had lingered outside for him. Apparently the texts, and even the Bible, were forgotten.

It was a very muddy day, and Johnny had quite a long walk before him; and he was glad enough when a farmer who lived near the Days overtook him and offered him a ride. Johnny handed up his Bible and hymn-book, and then clambered in himself. The waggon was an old-fashioned Rockaway, and happened to be only half full, the mother having stayed at home with a sick child.

"I guess you'd like to sit in front and drive," said the good-natured farmer. So Johnny took the reins, and in his delight at driving forgot all about his books.

"Here we are," said the farmer as they passed Mrs. Day's little cottage. "Hop down, Johnny; and if you come round to-morrow afternoon mother'll give you a pail of butter-milk."

"Thank you, sir. Please hand me my books."

The little girls in the back seat handed out one book—his hymn-book. "My Bible, please." The children stood up, the farmer turned over the cushions and shook out the lap-robes, but the Bible was not to be found. Poor Johnny! His face was growing very anxious and grave.

"What kind of a Bible was it?" asked Mr. Barr.

"A new one, sir, with maps and ——" But Johnny could not command his voice to describe his treasure.

(To be Continued)

The Family Circle.

MY LITTLE HERO.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Earth's bravest and truest heroes
  Fight with an unseen foe,
And win a victory grander
  Than you or I can know.
We little dream of the conflict
  Fought in each human soul,
And earth knows not of her heroes
  Upon God's Honor Roll.

But one of earth's little heroes
  Right proud am I to know,
His name for me is mother;
  My name for him is Joe.
At the thought of a ten-year-old hero
  My friends have often smiled,
But a battle-field's a battle-field
  In the heart of man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing;
  I saw, but gave no sign,
For I wanted to test the mettle
  In this little knight of mine.
"Of course you must come and help us,
  For we all depend on Joe,"
The boys said; and I waited
  For his answer, yes, or no.

He stood and thought for a moment;
  I read his heart like a book,
For the battle that he was fighting
  Was told in his earnest look.
And then to his merry playmates
  Out spoke my loyal knight,
"No, boys, I cannot go with you,
  For I know it wouldn't be right."

I was proud of my little hero,
  And I prayed by his peaceful bed,
As I gave him his bedtime kisses
  And the good-night words were said,
That true to God and his manhood
  He might stand in the world's fierce fight,
And shun each unworthy action
  Because "it wouldn't be right."

—*S.S. Times.*

GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM.

BY MINNIE E. LOMBARD.

Herbert Lyster was what his neighbors called a "hard-fisted" man; and he had earned the name by dint of persevering stinginess from boyhood up. He and his good wife, Rhoda, had accumulated a snug little property, besides the many-acred farm which was to be his when "grandmother" should relinquish her claim to all earthly possessions. So he was really able to live in comfort; but, instead of that, the old red farmhouse, which was his father's before him, was a model of angularity, unadorned and unattractive, both inside and out, only preserving a decent aspect through Rhoda's thrift and neatness.

Six little ones made music in the old house, save when their father was there. His presence seemed to send a chill through their warm little hearts, for he made them think that they were "bills of expense," and whenever they asked for pretty things he told them that they "cost money," and sent them away with a reproof for their desires.

And yet Herbert Lyster claimed that he was just. "Don't I pay the minister two dollars every single year?" he would say when the puzzled collectors came to him for money. Of course he did; and if the reverend gentlemen was a smart preacher he added a peck of beans to his annual subscription, although this came a little hard on him when the harvest was poor. Not being a church member, he did not feel called to give to the "heathen," as he was wont to style all benevolent objects of whatever character; and it was generally understood that the two dollars were given on grandmother's account.

Dear Grandmother Lyster! known and loved by everybody in Milton. She was peace-maker, adviser, and, in fact, condensed sunshine in Herbert's home from January to December. She was a good Christian, too, and Herbert was glad of that, for he believed that the Bible was good in case of sickness or death; and he believed, too, that when he was as old as she he would go to heaven after he had grown tired of this world's goods. But dear Grandmother Lyster knew better than this; and morning, noon and night her prayers ascended for him, her only remaining child, and his family.

But the love of gain had so eaten into Herbert's best affections that it seemed as if he had forgotten all claims upon him. And Grandmother Lyster found it very trying to ask a favor of him, and denied herself many a necessity before doing it.

Something more than usually important troubled her mind, however, on one bright fall morning as she sat by the kitchen fire. Her knitting needles lay idly in her lap; and she did not even notice that little May had pulled two of the needles out, or that mischievous Willie was climbing upon the back of her chair. Whatever the problem was, it troubled her all the forenoon; but after dinner she followed her son to the door and said: "I've been thinking, Herbert, could I not have a little room somewhere all to myself? I am getting old now, well on to seventy-eight, and the children are pretty noisy sometimes, and I thought maybe, if it would not be too much trouble—"

"Hem! Well, really, grandm'am, the children are pretty noisy sometimes, that's a fact; but I declare!—well, I'll see," and he went off to the field.

As a result of the "seeing," on the next rainy day the noise of hammering was heard in a chamber over the kitchen, which had never been used only to store old rubbish away in, and which was gloomy and out of the way at the best. Dear Grandmother Lyster, dear old soul, looked sober at the prospect of things, and Rhoda wanted to interfere, but did not dare for fear of Herbert's displeasure. At the end of two days the room was ready for use. Grandmother Lyster dragged up the steep flight of stairs, with two little tots after her, bringing bible, hymn-book, Wesley's Sermons and knitting-work. The room was low, slanting on one side, unpapered, uncarpeted and only lighted by two small windows, which did their best to admit pure daylight, notwithstanding the dark calico curtains fixed so trimly before them. A bed stood in one corner, before which was a rug of her own manufacture, and a stove with two legs in the centre of the room.

Grandmother looked out of the window, but the view was not pleasant: Two barns, the watering trough and a fashionable summer resort of ducks and geese, that was all. She was not one to complain, but she sadly missed the grand sweep of the mountain and valley which had greeted her eyes from the door ever since she was brought there a happy bride.

Then, arranging her books on the table, she sang, in her quaint way—

"Thus far the Lord has led me on,"

and before the verse was finished her heart was at peace again.

"Doin' to stay up here all 'lone, g'anma?" said wee May, in pitying accents.

"Oh, no! I guess you and Willie will come up real often, won't you?"

"I dess so; but 'taint very pitty," said the little one as she trotted down stairs again.

Meantime, Herbert, as he followed the plow, was thinking of the five dollars expended in repairing the room, and trying to persuade himself that he was, indeed, a worthy son. "Five dollars! It ain't every one that would do as much for his mother as I do for mine," he thought. "Too old to go upstairs! Oh! well, when she once gets up she is more out of the way, and she wants quiet, you know." He had to do something to quiet his conscience, and took that way of doing it.

He retired that night thinking, "Five dollars for grandm'am's room, and the mare lame in both feet!" But while these dismal thoughts filled his mind his body seemed to be in the kitchen below. He was not alone, however, for a woman was there before him walking the floor with a child in her arms. Back and forth she paced, carefully holding the pale-faced boy in the same position while he slept.

"Edith," said a voice from an adjoining room, "that little one will wear you all out. Can't I take him a little while?"

"Oh! no," was the reply. "He likes to have me carry him so, poor little fellow!"

"Ah!" said Herbert to himself, "that's the way mother carried me six nights when I got scalded so terribly."

The scene changed, and he saw himself again—a crushed foot this time, demanding his mother's untiring care. Again and again incidents of his life were re-enacted before him, but always with his mother there, comforting, working or praying. Whether sick in body or in mind, he saw how all through his life a mother's tender love had surrounded him; and then stood once more beside his father's death-bed, and heard again the solemn charge: "Be kind to your mother, Herbert, and make her old age happy. She is all you have left now." With these words ringing in his ears, Herbert Lyster awoke to find the perspiration standing on his forehead and a strange, weird sensation resting on him like a spell, which he tried in vain to throw off. He tried to compose his mind and again to sleep. He trembled from head to foot as though something frightful had troubled his slumbers. In fact, conscience, so long soothed and quieted, had freed herself, and determined to make one more effort for his soul. She lashed him unmercifully. She showed him how his soul was growing smaller and meaner every day; how he was just a nuisance on God's fair earth. He saw himself in a mirror that reflected the inmost recesses of his heart, and was horrified at the sight of wickedness so long concealed.

As the hours wore slowly on toward the day Herbert grew to hate himself more and more, until, almost stifled in doors, he arose and went out. Mysterious and still the mist lay along the foot of the mountain, and the star that twinkled in the sky seemed far, far away.

Habit led Herbert into the barnyard where the cattle were; but they only stared at him sleepily as they lay tranquilly chewing the cud. So he wandered out and down the path that led into the maple-grove which had been a playground for three generations! As he passed slowly under the trees his boyhood came back to him so fresh that the two-score years of hard, grinding toil flew away as if by magic, and it seemed that he was a happy, careless boy again, and that his mother was leading him by the hand. How had its golden promises been fulfilled. A blush of shame rose to the man's cheek as he thought of how hard and cold his heart had grown. Hundreds of times he had stood by the side of that same stream, without noticing any traces of beauty. But as the sun arose over the distant mountain tops it seemed as though he had never looked upon the scene before. So new, so beautiful! And a wonderful sense of God's nearness stole over him, such as he never felt before, and at the same time a new love for his mother, who had so long been the only Bible he read, filled his heart like a fresh revelation from the Father. The lowing of the cattle brought him to himself, and he turned homeward, passed up the lane into the barn, and was soon throwing hay into the mangers below. Suddenly he stopped and said, "My mother shall have a better room than that if it costs five hundred dollars! Now, that's so!" Hurrah! good once more had triumphed over evil, as the experience of the morning culminated in this worthy resolution.

Soon the patter of little feet was heard, and May cried, "Pa, pa, mother wants to know where you be, 'caus she's been worryin' about you, fear you's sick, and breakses is all getting cold this minute. Fried eggs, too, ain't it, Edith?"

"I'll be in directly," came the answer from the high mow. So happy, chattering May and quiet Edith climbed down the high steps and started toward the house. Their father overtook them as they stopped to look at the little chickens just hatched the day before, and catching May up he put her on his shoulder, then drew down the little face and kissed the fresh, sweet lips. "How natural!" one may say. No, not natural for Herbert Lyster, whose children feared more than loved him.

May was astonished and half frightened, and as she began to wriggle he put her gently down.

Running up to Edith, she whispered, "Pa just kissed me all his own self, Edith."

"Did he?" said Edith, opening wide her eyes with astonishment. Then she hurried on and walked close to her father's side, while her little heart fluttered with the hope that he might give her a kiss too. But she was not noticed; and very much grieved she shrank away, wondering if he loved May best.

"I dreamed of your father last night, Herbert," said his mother at breakfast, "and you can't think how natural he looked."

Herbert didn't say anything, but could not help thinking that his father performed a double duty that night. During the forenoon he had a long conference with his wife, which seemed to be satisfactory, for as he left her he said, "Well, then, you take the things out this afternoon, and White shall come over and do the painting to-morrow."

Before night the cheerful spare-room which adjoined the parlor was empty, and the old-fashioned paper, with its over-recurring pictures of Rebecca at the well, a shepherdess and a hunter, was stripped from the wall. Silence was imposed upon all the children, "for grandma'm mustn't know," and the little things went around the house fairly aching with the importance of their secret, and holding on to themselves for fear they might tell. Mysterious trips were taken in the old market waggon, and a suspicious smell of new things filled the air; but when grandma'm enquired what was going on downstairs, Edith clapped both hands over her mouth, and May screamed, "Oh! nuffin, grandma, on'y—Oh! Edith, come down quick!"

One bright October afternoon, however, the work was finished, and Herbert, jealous of the privilege, went upstairs and said: "Mother, can you come downstairs a few minutes now?" trying to look unconcerned.

"Why, la me!" smoothing down the front of her dress and putting on her fresh cap, "has the minister come? I ain't fixed up one bit."

"No, no, mother; there is no occasion for fixin' up. It ain't much of anything, only me—that is—well, perhaps you'd better come now."

"Herbert," said the old lady solemnly, laying her hand on his arm, "if it's bad news just tell me right away. The Lord will give me strength to bear it, just as He has the dispensations all along."

Poor Herbert! how to acquaint his mother with this dispensation he didn't know, but little May came to the rescue.

"Oh, g'anma," said she, seizing one of the wrinkled hands, "we can't wait another minute; it's all splendid; and Willie, and Edith, and baby, and I have all got our clean aprons on, and Wesley, he's in, so come straight down," and, timing her impatient hops to the tottering footsteps she guided, May soon had grandmother in the midst of a smiling group, while the relieved father brought up the rear.

"Now, g'anma," said Edith, seizing the free hand, "shut up your eyes tight till I say open them," and then the delighted children, followed by the rest of the family, drew her into the old spare-room. "Now, now, g'anma, open, open! and what do you see?" they cried, dancing and clapping their hands. Grandmother looked around in perfect amazement. Truly a wondrous change had been wrought. Beautiful light paper covered the walls and a bright, soft carpet the floor, while pretty shades hung before the four great windows, whose tassels swung back and forth in the October breeze, like bells dumb with joy.

"Herbert, Herbert, what does this mean?"

"It's your room, g'anma," shouted a chorus of voices.

"Why, this is good enough for a queen; you can't mean it all for a poor old creature like me," and the darling old lady's eyes began to run over with happy tears, while Herbert tried in vain to find voice to reply; and dear patient Rhoda sobbed outright.

"Why, g'anma," shouted little Willie at the top of his voice, "I shouldn't think you'd cry, 'cause this is the cutest room in the house; and when me and Wes comes in we must take off our boots and talk real soft. And, oh! just look at this table-cloth and this rug, it feels like velvet; and this stool—do you see? it's got a cat's foot on every one of its legs. That's to put your foot on, you know: and oh, say, can't we play puss in the corner sometimes if we don't make any noise?"

"G'anma, I can almost smell these roses," said Edith, patting the paper.

So with the help of the children the room was christened, everything examined and praised, and at last the noisy little troop withdrew. The grandmother sank down with a sense of great comfort into the great easy chair by the window.

"Do you like it, mother?" asked Herbert, as he sat down in a chair near her.

"Like it? it seems too good to be real. I've thought sometimes in my mansion—heavenly, you know—I should find everything soft and nice and cosy like. But to have a room like this on earth—why, it never entered my brain. I can't tell you how thankful I am; but God will reward you for it, for I believe that nothing but the Spirit of God could have told you to do it. Don't you think I will see you a Christian before I die?" and her voice trembled and tears choked her utterance.

"I don't know, mother;" then came a long pause, for the farmer, almost as silent as the fields he tilled could find no words to express his feelings.

"Mother, the day that I put you into that old room over the kitchen my conscience troubled me so that I could not sleep, and when I did sleep visions of you carrying me and tending me and of father on his deathbed arose before me, and the solemn warning he gave me to 'be kind to your mother, Herbert, and make her old age happy,' came to me so distinct that I awoke in a great perspiration and could sleep no more. So I got up and went out, and as I stood by the little stream a sense of God's goodness came to me in overwhelming mercy, and I decided that you should have a nice room if it cost me five hundred dollars," and Herbert drew his hand across his eyes to check the unbidden tears.

Grandmother did not care if the tears did come in her eyes, for they were joyful ones.

"And by the grace of God I am going to try and serve Him, and try and make up for my past life."

She kissed him and he left the room, while Grandmother Lyster knelt down on the bright new carpet and thanked God for giving her the joy of seeing her son brought to Christ, and for the rest of the family, and arose from her knees much strengthened and a great peace in her soul.

Pretty soon Rhoda came stealing in with a look of apprehension resting on her face.

"Mother," said she sinking into a chair, "I am afraid Herbert's going to die."

"Don't worry, Rhoda, Herbert's getting ready to live. I tell you what, daughter, he has just told me that he has experienced religion.

A flash of joy lighted up Rhoda's worn countenance as she spoke.

"Do you think so, mother? Oh, if it only could be true!"

A cry from the kitchen called her thither again, but her heart was light, and old hymns sprang unbidden to her lips, all tuned to the happiness within.

That day saw the beginning of true happiness in the old red farm-house. Not but that Herbert had to pass through many trials and temptations, but at last he won the victory, and one week later he called his family together and told them the happy news. I cannot describe that scene, but when he gave his experience in the prayer-meeting none doubted his sincerity or conversion.

Perhaps the story of the change at home is about as May whispered it in the ears of a confidential friend:. "You see, pa asks a blessin' now, fore we eats, and then we read the Bible, and he prays the Lord to keep us good all the long day; and so we grow gooder and gooder. Pa brought ma home a new black silk dress the other day, and, oh! he is so much lovinger then he ever was before!" Yes he was "lovinger," as May called him, for truly he has passed from death unto life.

The old farm-house, too, soon began to change visibly; the shades of ugliness that had so long hung over it vanished away. Its very angles seemed to grow less acute, and never in its palmiest days had it rejoiced in such bright coats of paint. But with all the brightening up *without and within*, there was *one* most cosey place of all, and that was "Grandmother's room," where the family were wont to gather Sabbath after Sabbath.

"Seems 's though it is always full of rainbows," Willie said; but that must have been owing to the blessed influence of her who sat there, for this dearest of all nooks is "Grandmother's Room.

Before the lapse of another year she passed away from earthly things.—*Methodist.*

MRS. GRAY'S PLAIN WORDS.

One sunny afternoon the residents in Florland Road had their curiosity aroused by noticing a lady making her way down the street, who was evidently a stranger; for, with an air of uncertainty, she glanced to the right and to the left for the number she wanted.

Arriving at Number Thirty-one she paused; and the soft air wafted the sound of a double knock in at the several open windows.

This gentle summons brought the mistress of the house to the door.

"Are you Mrs. Wiggram?"

"Yes, ma'am; will you walk in?"

And ushering her visitor into a tolerably neat little parlor, and offering her a seat, she waited for what was to follow.

"I have called to know why Harry does not come to the Sunday-school now."

"Are you his teacher, ma'am?"

"Yes."

A shade of annoyance passed over Mrs. Wiggram's countenance as she replied,

"Well, it is very tiresome; but he's taken to going for walks on Sunday afternoon instead; and though his father and I both tell him to go to school, he won't."

The lady looked surprised as she questioned,

"And do you intend him to follow his own way in opposition to yours?"

"Well, I really don't know what's to be done with him. We *tell him* to go; but if he won't, what can we do?"

"As his mother, you ought to answer that question better than I," responded the visitor; "but I am quite sure no good ever comes of allowing children to set at nought their parents' wishes."

Mrs. Wiggram smiled.

"It is very well to talk, ma'am, but when one has a family, then one finds how difficult it is to manage them."

"Not if they are properly managed—"

The sentence remained unfinished, for, at that moment, the quietude of the cottage was broken by sounds of juvenile contention; and Clara, Mrs. Wiggram's eldest girl, burst open the sitting-room door.

"I'll tell mother, see if I don't! You shan't have it!" And with an angry and flushed countenance the speaker entered the room.

The unlooked-for presence of a stranger made her pause somewhat abashed at her passionate outcry; but the provocation under which she was suffering was too great to be entirely suppressed, and, in more moderate tones, she added,

"Is Freddy to have my prize, mother? He's showing the pictures to the cat!"

Now, it may seem very inoffensive and kind of Master Freddy, supposing pussy intellectual enough to appreciate his attentions; but when we explain that the young gentleman had divided the pleasures of the afternoon between making mud pies and eating bread and treacle, it can easily be conceived that his little chubby fingers were not in proper trim to turn the leaves of Clara's prize, a book by which she set great store.

Mrs. Wiggram looked greatly perplexed at this appeal, and in apologetic tones reasoned:—

"I gave it *him* to keep him quiet, and he'll scream if you take it away again."

"Oh, mother, it is a shame! baby has everything he cries for; and you promised you would take care of my book for me!"

With an air of dissatisfaction on her face Clara banged out of the room as rudely as she had burst in, and the screams that issued from the kitchen announced that she had possessed herself of her property.

Of course all conversation was at an end till Master Freddy had been pacified, and with this object in view Mrs. Wiggram hastened from the room.

"Has she taken it away? She's a naughty girl—take the stick and go and beat her!" And having changed the child's look of grief to one of delight at the prospect of inflicting pain for the injury he had suffered, this injudicious mother returned to her guest, while her baby son toddled out of the door to wreak his vengeance on his sister Clara, who was playing in the street.

"You see now, ma'am, what it is; the children are always upsetting one another in that way, and I'm worried out of my life with them."

Mrs. Gray looked thoughtfully at the harassed countenance before her, and a feeling of pity impelled her to speak.

"There is evidently something wrong somewhere; but whether the fault lies with you entirely it is impossible for me, as a stranger, to say."

The pleasant manner in which these words were uttered disarmed them of all offence, and with a weary smile Mrs. Wiggram enquired,

"How can the fault be mine; I am sure I and their father set them a good example."

"I don't doubt it! but from the little I have seen while I have been here, and from what I know of your children, I should say your management of them might be improved."

Mrs. Wiggram flushed; but not being of a touchy disposition, and seeing her visitor—who was many years older than herself—meant well, she waited for the advice which she saw was ready to fall from her lips.

"I have brought up a large family of my own," continued the speaker; "but I never gave one of them anything that they cried for."

"Oh, it is different with well-to-do children; they have servants to wait on them, and of course they can be kept amused," asserted Mrs. Wiggram; "but with such as myself, we are glad to do anything to keep them quiet."

"Well-to-do children," smiled Mrs. Gray, "are quite as tiresome as their poorer brothers and sisters; but there is one valuable rule for the government of both."

"What is that, ma'am?"

"Never promise a child anything that you do not intend to perform—whether in the shape of rewards or punishments."

[The listener's earnest gaze on her visitor's countenance here relaxed, and a half sigh escaped her lips as she remembered that this was not one of her strong points; for, if this rule had been attended to in her own family, young Dickie, the terror of the neighborhood, would have been spending his half-holiday in the seclusion of his own chamber, instead of roving about the streets, throwing stones and dust in at the neighbors' windows.

"You mischievous young scamp! You shall be locked up all to-morrow afternoon!" had been the hasty threat that had escaped his mother's lips on the occasion of his hanging on to the pendulum of the old Dutch clock, bringing it and himself to the ground with a heavy crash.

But with the explosion of her anger the threat was forgotten, and Dickie, as he had previously determined, spent his afternoon in his usual mode of recreation].

"The observance of this rule," continued Mrs. Gray, "sometimes involves us in a deal of trouble; but it saves endless pain and misery in after years; besides, if we fail in performing what we promise, how do we teach our children to regard us?"

"As unreliable?"

"As untruthful; and, without my telling you, you know how beautiful truth is; it sanctifies the cottage of the peasant, as well as the palace of the prince. The parent's word should be her bond, and 'mother says so' should be sufficient to satisfy all doubts in a child's mind. Never let your children see that you are capable of deceiving them; they are quick imitators, and many of the faults committed by the little ones are only a juvenile representation of their parents' shortcomings."

A moment's pause followed these words, but the silence was broken by Mrs. Gray remarking,

"I am sure you don't intend to teach your children to be cruel and revengeful."

"Law, no, ma'am! I can't bear cruel children!"

"Yet you have taught little Freddy this afternoon to return injury for injury. This is how the first seeds of malice are sown; his little face looked quite cruel as he ran out at the door to beat Clara!"

Mrs. Wiggram smiled.

"I often say things like that."

"So do many mothers," returned Mrs. Gray, "but they are not the less unwise, and I am sure it teaches the little ones to be cruel and quarrelsome."

The speaker's venerable appearance gave weight to her words, and her hearer, after due meditation, resolved on reforming the ways of her household.

But to decide was one thing, and to act was another; for the young Wiggrams stoutly evinced their aversion to any innovations.

"As the twig is bent, so the tree inclines," is a well-known saying; and Dickie and Harry soon showed that they were young twigs which did full justice to their early training.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Wiggram persevered in her new course; and though, as might have been expected, many unpleasantnesses at first arose thereby, and it would often have been easier to give baby the thing he screamed for, and to let Clara's disrespectful manner pass without reproof, yet, after a time, her untiring efforts brought their reward, and future years proved the power of her judicious training.

Mrs. Gray's plain words were not thrown away, for Mrs. Wiggram is one of England's many mothers who have proved the truth of Solomon's wise words, "Train up a child in he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*British Workman.*

HARDNESS.

For want of a more exact term we have used the word at the head of this article to denote a certain quality of mind which is more common than agreeable. *Of course we know* that the usual definition of the word "hard," when applied to a man, is that he is hard to deal with in money matters, unscrupulous in taking and keeping an advantage, and so forth. But this is not our meaning. We would indicate that spirit which is inclined to measure all the work or the weakness, the trials or the toils of others by one unchanging standard of personal opinion, and to pronounce judgment accordingly.

Many an otherwise amiable woman is prone to this great fault, and it robs her of the capability of true sympathy. We have all felt the influence of this hardness at times, and it has wounded or depressed us in accordance with our temperaments. It is difficult for such persons to accord the full meed of praise to others even when well deserved. They are apt to qualify their commendations with criticisms which to an enthusiastic soul are very vexing.

"Do you know that Mary makes all her own clothes and her children's too; she is certainly a wonderful woman," says an admiring friend of Mary's to one of these hard people.

"Yes," replies Mrs. Hard, "she does her sewing, but then she ought to do it. Her husband has only a small salary, you know."

"But she is always so lively and good-tempered, and she is a very good housekeeper too. I wonder sometimes that she can keep up with so many claims on her strength," pursues the friend, anxious to win a little praise for her favorite.

"Well, I don't know," answers Mrs. Hard, "her children take care of themselves so much, and I know she always has a woman to assist in washing, which is a needless expense, I think. I never hire any extra help."

"But you keep two servants and Mary has only one," protests her companion.

"I have heard my mother say that she never kept but one girl when she was first married, and she never hired any extra work either. Besides, Mary is young and healthy, and exercise is good for her," is Mrs. Hard's comment. "She might better save what she pays the washerwoman and put it in the bank."

"She would have to work very hard to do that."

"Well, a wife should be willing to work if her husband cannot afford to keep her in idleness," says Mrs. H., and as this is an incontrovertible fact (though not applicable to the present case) she closes the discussion triumphantly.

Another time she says: "I don't see how Mrs. Jones can bear to waste so much time in sleep. Why, she takes a nap every afternoon, and that is something I never do, no matter how tired I am."

It is useless to add that Mrs. Jones is a semi-invalid, who would never be able to get through the day if it were not for the rest her physician orders. Mrs. Hard "does not put much faith in doctors;" she thinks "they are apt to make people imagine they are sick," and poor Mrs. Jones will always seem to her a lazy, incompetent woman.

It will not do to set up our own standards of life and action as infallible, or to make of our convictions a Procrustean bed on which to measure our fellows.

The best remedy for this hardness of which we speak is Christian charity, and the more of that grace we cultivate the less we shall be inclined to sit in judgment on those who fail to meet our requirements.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE COUNCIL of University College, London, have determined to provide systematic instruction for women in regular college classes. In most subjects the junior classes for women and men are to be separated. The senior classes are, as a rule, to be open to both; and those classes which are already open to both, like the fine-art classes and that on the philosophy of mind, will remain so. *The Spectator* is much gratified with the increased facilities for female students, and adds: "A great deal of fear is felt in some quarters lest women should be tempted to learn more than will be consistent with their physical well-being. But that is, we believe, chiefly a question of age and of individual organization. For the most part, women's health is much more improved than endangered by light but steady intellectual work. If it sometimes increases neuralgic pain, it constantly cures the tendency to hysteric affections."

Question Corner.—No. 19.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

157. What nation was famed for skill in hewing timber?
158. In answer to whose prayer was rain withheld and afterwards granted?
159. Who refused to seek refuge in the Temple in time of danger?
160. Who were forbidden to eat anything made from the vine?
161. What king of Israel was a shepherd in his youth?
162. Who was the last king of Israel?
163. To what king of Israel did the Lord appear in a dream by night?
164. What people were so fond of jewelry that they put golden chains around the necks of their camels?
165. What three persons were swallowed alive in a pit?
166. By whom was the first temperance society organized?
167. What army was compared to "*grasshoppers for multitude*?"
168. What king was smitten with leprosy, and why?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

My *first* is luscious, sweet, and round,
And pleasant to the taste is found.
My *second* in the forest grows,
And bears an acorn or a rose.
My *whole* may in a vineyard stand,
And well repay the planter's hand,
Or else seem flourishing and fair,
And yet stand profitless and bare,
And only mock the Master's care.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 18.

133. Michael, the daughter of Saul, 2 Sam. vi. 20.
134. The Lord gave, &c., Job i. 21.
135. Elisheba, Exodus vi. 23.
136. It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good, 1 Sam. iii. 18.
137. Ezekiel to Chebar, Ezekiel i. 1.
138. Samuel, 1 Sam. ix. 25.
139. Amos, herdsman of Tekoa, Amos i. 1
140. Jeremiah, Jer. xxxviii. 6.
141. The children of Israel under Ahaz captured Judah, 2 Chron. xxviii. 8.
142. Obed, 2 Chron. xxviii. 9.
143. David, 2 Sam. xxiv. 1.
144. Solomon, 1 Kings x. 22.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

D-eborah, Judges iv. 9.
O-badiah, 1 Kings xviii. 13.
G-ehazi, 2 Kings v. 20, 22.
O-bededom, 2 Sam. vi. 10.
O-rpah, Ruth i. 4.
D-avid, 2 Sam. xviii. 13.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 18.—Susie E. Brown, 10; William Fraser, 9; R. D. Moore, 9.

To No. 17.—Addie E. Wrexley, 11; S. C. Warne 8; Hiram McKee, 9; Saunders Sweet, 6; Leroy S. Lee 11; Stephen S. Stevens, 8; Margaret McKercher, 9; Ella Dale, 9; N. S. McEachern, 10; Frederick W. Highgate, 11; John W. Webb, 10.

James Morton sends a complete list.

We have received several letters from children asking if it were allowable for them to receive help in looking for the answers to the Bible Questions. We can make no absolute rule about this, as there would be no possible means of ascertaining whether it were strictly adhered to or not. But as they are put in for the purpose of helping children to become better acquainted with their Bibles, we think that it would be much better for themselves if they found them without help, as what they have a long search for they will not be likely soon to forget.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

From the "Little Pilgrim Question Book," by Mrs. W. Barrows. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.)

LESSON IV.—Oct. 27.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.—Luke xvi. 19-31.

19. There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day:

20. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores,

21. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

22. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: and the rich man also died and was buried;

23. And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

24. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue: for I am tormented in this flame.

25. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

26. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

27. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldst send him to my father's house:

28. For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.

29. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.

30. And he said, Nay, father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

31. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death.—Prov. xiv. 32.

1. Relate the first part of the story of the rich man and Lazarus. Vers. 19-21.

2. What can you say of the purple and fine linen here mentioned?

ANS. They were the most costly materials for dress that any one could wear in those days.

3. Why were the poor in those days often laid near the doors of the rich?

ANS. That the rich might help them, for there were no hospitals or alms-houses where the poor and sick could go.

4. Does the story say that this rich man was dishonest or vicious in any way?

ANS. No; he was only selfish.

5. Is it wrong to be rich?

ANS. Not at all, if the riches are gained honestly; but it is dangerous.

6. Why is it dangerous?

ANS. Because rich people are so apt to love riches and forget their duties.

7. What is the duty of a person who is rich?

ANS. To use his money for the good of others.

8. What did this rich man do with his money?

ANS. Merely used it for himself.

9. What ought he to have done for Lazarus?

10. How did the dogs show more kindness and pity than he did?

11. Did he deserve any thanks for letting Lazarus have the crumbs?

12. What merit is there in giving away what you do not want?

13. What kind of a man was Lazarus, besides being poor?

ANS. We must think he was a good man.

14. Tell what the story says of the rich man and of the poor man after they die. Vers. 22-24.

15. How did Abraham reply to the rich man's request? Vers. 25, 26.

16. Because Lazarus was poor and sick, was that the reason he was taken to heaven and comforted?

ANS. No; but because he bore his trials with patience, and loved and trusted in God in them all.

17. Did the rich man show any repentance and sorrow for his selfish and worldly life?

ANS. It was too late for repentance.

18. What did he beg Abraham to do? Vers. 27, 28

19. Did Abraham think it best to do as he wished? Vers. 29-31.

20. What is meant by "Moses and the prophets"?

ANS. All of the Bible that was then written, which we call the Old Testament.

21. For what is this life given us?

ANS. To prepare for another life beyond the grave.

22. What have we besides "Moses and the prophets" to help us in this preparation?

ANS. The history of Christ's life and death in the New Testament, all the truths he taught while on earth, and we have, too, the help of the Holy Spirit.

23. In that other life, what is the lot of the wicked and of the righteous? Golden Text.

24. How shall we be able to enter it with "hope," and not with expectation of being "driven away"?

ANS. By having Christ for our friend and Saviour.

27. If Christ is our friend, shall we have any fear about entering the other life?

Christ's promise to us if we love him—

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU."

LESSON V.—Nov. 3.

THE TEN LEPERS.—Luke xvii. 11-19.

11. And it came to pass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee.

12. And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off.

13. And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.

14. And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go show yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed.

15. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God,

16. And fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan.

17. And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?

18. There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger.

19. And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?—Ver. 17.

1. What happened to Jesus near a certain village? Vers. 12, 13.

2. Ask your teacher to tell you about the dreadful disease of leprosy.

3. How did they know Jesus?

ANS. They must have heard of him and the wonderful works he had done, and perhaps been told how he looked.

4. Why did they stand "afar off," as they cried to him?

ANS. It was against the law for lepers to come near other people, lest they should give them the disease.

5. When they cried to him, "Have mercy on us," did they expect him to cure them of their leprosy?

ANS. They hoped he would help them, and they may have thought he could cure them; but it was a very wonderful thing for any one to be healed of that disease.

6. What did he tell them to do? Ver. 14.

7. Did they obey him?

8. What is the best way to show faith in Christ?

ANS. By obedience.

9. What is faith?

10. When they found they were cleansed or cured, how must they have felt?

11. What did it mean to them to be healed?

ANS. It meant health and happiness, instead of this terrible sickness and suffering, and that they could go and live with their friends and families again.

12. Did they all come back to thank the one who had healed them? Vers. 15, 16.

13. What did Jesus say about it? Vers. 17, 18.

14. What did the nine show themselves to be?

ANS. Selfish and ungrateful.

15. Were they not glad to be healed?

ANS. Oh, yes! they gladly took the gift, but forgot the Giver.

16. Of what nation were they?

ANS. They were probably Jews.

17. Why was it strange that the Samaritan alone returned to thank Christ?

ANS. The Samaritans were not so religious as the Jews, and knew less about Christ.

18. What should this lesson teach us?

ANS. To be grateful to God for all his gifts.

19. What is leprosy like?

ANS. Like sin, which makes us wholly vile.

20. To whom should we cry to be cleansed from sin?

21. Need we stand "afar off"?

ANS. No: the Lord Jesus loves to have us come near him.

22. If he should "have mercy on us," and forgive our sin, how ought we to show our gratitude?

ANS. By *loving hearts and obedient lives.*

My prayer for this week,

"WASH ME, AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW."

ARE THERE NO HONEST MEN?

One of the daily papers, discussing the subject of defalcations, lays down these two propositions:

"There is no man who will ultimately resist the temptation to use funds which are absolutely in his control for a long time; and in using them he does so with the most honorable intentions, trusting to secrecy until he shall have paid back every cent."

Both of these statements are objectionable, because they are not founded in truth. It would be in the highest degree discreditable to the human race, if the first proposition were true, and exceedingly dangerous to admit the justice of the second. Let us look at them separately:

1. "There is no man who will ultimately resist the temptation to use funds which are absolutely in his control for a long time." Is that so? Then there are no honest men living; then we may not put confidence in anybody; then character is no basis for trust, and a defalcation or robbery is but a question of time. Give any man time and opportunity and he will prove himself to be a villain. Now we do not take so sad a view of society as this. We bear in mind that in proportion to the vast number of trusted men, the breaches of trust are very few. In such a community as New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, the number of men having absolute control of large trusts, as *executors, agents, guardians, trustees* of estates and minors, is to be counted by tens and hundreds of thousands. Scarcely a man of position and character but is in some way made the trustee of money which he is to handle and guard for others. Some of these men are treasurers of great institutions, with large sums lying in their hands, subject to their individual direction, and at any moment they could hypothecate securities, raise money, and on it depart out of the city, or speculate in stocks. This is the temptation which overcomes weak and wicked men. But to say that "no man will resist this temptation" is to ignore the fact that the immense majority of men do resist: that the defaulters are only as one in a thousand, miserable exceptions to the general rule, which is honesty, not robbery.

The facts are bad enough, without making them worse by exaggeration. We would not increase general distrust by impeaching the many who are entitled the more confidence because others forfeit character and drown themselves in the perdition of dishonest men. Good men would shrink from holding trusts, if it were held as a fact that all men will betray their trusts with plenty of time and opportunity.

2. But the second statement is even more dangerous than the first. The one excites distrust, the second stimulates to crime. The writer says: "In using them (trust funds) he does so with the most honorable intentions, trusting to secrecy until he shall have paid back every cent." The point we make is that the word honorable in such a connection is unfortunate and injurious to good morals. The intention is in the highest degree dishonorable which encourages a trustee to peril the money of another for his own advantage. The intention to restore is the salve to his conscience, or rather the mask that he wears while he robs his innocent, unsuspecting and helpless victims. Honorable intentions, indeed! A man being entrusted with the money of another says to himself: "I will take this money and go upon the street with it and operate till I have doubled it; then I will put it back where it now is, and the trust will be as good as before. I will be so much richer, and nobody will know how it was done." Is that honest? The trust was safe as it stood. Or it was where the law and his judgment directed him to place it. But he resolved to put it in peril for the sake of making himself rich. His intention to put the money back was part of the scheme which he formed for his own advantage at the hazard of the trust. The resolution was dishonest. The intention was no palliation, but was a cloak for the crime, and, therefore, was in no sense honorable. The moment that he decided to violate his obligation as a trustee the man was lost. Having no better right to take that money for his own use than he would have had if it were in the keeping of another, he was a thief at heart as soon as he determined on its appropriation.

We are the more explicit on this point because it is just here that men deceive themselves, and are deceived, by such reasoning as we have cited. They vainly imagine that restoration atones for the appropriation of what was not their own: as if it were a sufficient excuse for highway robbery that the robber intended to restore, and actually did restore, at some future time, the purse he took. The trustee who misappropriates the funds in his hands is as much worse than a thief, as a thief is meaner than a robber, the meanness being greater as the risk of detection is diminished.—*N. Y. Observer.*

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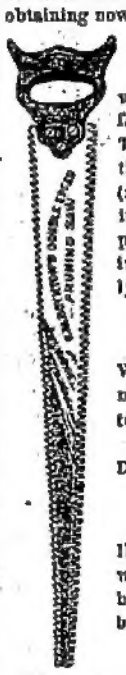

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